

O R L A N D O

A N D

S E R A P H I N A.

ORLANDO

SERAPHINA

ORLANDO

Turkish Story.



PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE
LEADENHALL STREET

W. B. L. L. L.

O R L A N D O

A N D

S E R A P H I N A :

A

Turkish Story.

—Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.

Hor. de Arte poetica.

Volume II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

O R L A N D O

A Z D

S E R A P H I N A :

S E R A P H I N A , & C O

A

T u r k i s h S t o r y



V I L L Y O F T H E S T A T E O F N E W J E R S E Y

V I L L Y O F T H E S T A T E O F N E W J E R S E Y

V I L L Y O F T H E S T A T E O F N E W J E R S E Y

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V I L L Y O F T H E S T A T E O F N E W J E R S E Y

V I L L Y O F T H E S T A T E O F N E W J E R S E Y

SERAPHINA, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

JULIA TO CARLOS.

WHY did you leave the cottage? We have lost Orlando, I fear, for ever!

I was walking this morning under the row of elms on the side of

the common, when I saw a courier stop at the door. I suspected he brought me a letter from Seraphina, and immediately ran back. On enquiry, I found one of the children had carried the letter to Orlando. I flew up stairs, and found it, in his hand, unopened. " Sister!" said he, catching me to his arms with rapture, " I am now convinced you have not deceived me. Here is a letter from Seraphina." Then, shewing me the superscription, " See," he continued, " it is addressed to me: it is her hand-writing: I could swear to the precious characters. But I must be alone while

“ while I read. I cannot, even
 “ with you, divide the joy this
 “ letter will impart. I must give
 “ an unbounded scope to my trans-
 “ port. Leave me, Julia, leave
 “ me. I am impatient, I am mad,
 “ for the contents !”

I left the room ; and, concluding, as the letter was addressed to Orlando, that Seraphina had written it, and pursuant to my advice had concealed her real situation, I became more easy, and returned to the elms. The fine morning tempted me to extend my walk beyond its usual limits. I strayed along the river that winds at the bottom of the opposite mountains, and did

not return till near the time of dinner.

I had scarcely turned the corner of the hedge, that separates our little garden from the heath, when the cottager's wife threw open the wicket, ran towards me, wringing her hands, and betraying every symptom of distress. When her tears had a little subsided, she informed me, that, presently after I had left the cottage, she heard an unusual noise above stairs, and was greatly alarmed, thinking some accident had happened to Orlando. She went to his assistance, and found him half drest, and walking across the room in the greatest agitation.

tation. His looks were distracted. He foamed at the mouth, beat his breast, paused a moment, — then looked up to heaven in silent agony :—when, again taking fire, he denounced the most horrid threats against me, himself, and all mankind. Terrified at this uncommon sight, she ran to call her husband, who was working in some adjoining field ; but, on their return, they found Orlando had left the cottage. The whole village was raised, and messengers dispatched different roads in pursuit, but no traces of him have yet been found.

On

On the table, in his room, he left a letter, sealed with black wax, addressed to me. I fear its contents will break my heart. They fully account for his conduct. He is aware that I have kept him from the knowledge of Seraphina's situation, which she, impelled by the poignancy of her feelings, has undoubtedly discovered.

Surely I acted upon a right principle. I am convinced, by his present conduct, that the expedient we made use of has hitherto saved his life. Let him not now be lost. Do not suffer me thus to be deprived of my only brother. Pursue him, save, snatch him, from destruction.

Explore

(11)

Explore every corner of the kingdom. Though he should never look upon me again, though he make me an alien to his bosom, let me have the satisfaction to know he is in safety.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO JULIA.*

YOU are no longer my sister !

You have deceived, betrayed, destroyed, me ! Why did I trust to your delusive tale of Seraphina ?

O

* Left by Orlando, on the table in his room, previous to his departure from the cottage.

O monstrous, inconceivable, apathy! that you could so tamely see your first, your dearest, your only, friend, enduring, like a common slave, the most horrid insults, the most intolerable wretchedness! Had you given me the slightest hint of her miserable state, I would have relieved her, or I would have perished in the attempt.

But I will yet punish her savage oppressor,—I will wander over the earth,—I will——

* * * * *

Julia, you have drawn on my destruction! You are the murderer of Seraphina!

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

CARLOS TO JULIA.

HAVING before experienced the violent disposition of Orlando, I do not wonder at the rash step he has taken. I conjure you be composed. Do not give way to your groundless apprehensions. For my sake be careful of your health. I promise you I will exert every human means to find him. It is probable that his first route will be to Warsaw. On this presumption

presumption I shall continue here some days longer. In the mean while it is not adviseable for you to return to Lemberg? The news we received, respecting Seraphina, was unfortunately premature. The negociations have been broken off, but another ambassador will soon be appointed, and I am confidently assured his success is certain.

You may hourly expect to hear tidings of Orlando. Once more, dearest Julia, be careful of your health.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

OSMAN, GOVERNOR OF THE EARTH,
TO HAMET, GRAND VIZIER OF
THE INVINCIBLE PORTE.

I COMMAND thee to hasten,
with all possible diligence, the
preparations for our pilgrimage.
The soldiers in Damasco are ready
to assemble, and, till we have chaf-
tised these daring Janizaries, our
royal person is not in safety. Be-
sides, the insolence of the Poles
becometh every day more intolera-
ble. This fresh instance of teme-
rity,

rity, their demanding in such high
 language the restoration of our di-
 vine captive, calleth aloud for our
 resentment. Restore her ! Give
 up Seraphina ! By Mahomet, we
 had rather part with our imperial
 diadem. . I tell thee, Hamet, their
 whole kingdom should not purchase
 her. A kingdom ! what is it when
 compared to her charms ? Royalty
 hath not a blessing to bestow equal
 to her smiles. I begin to despise
 my greatness. Heaven and the
 prophet made me a monarch. I
 was thankful,—but not happy. At
 length they gave me Seraphina. I
 had nothing more to ask : my hap-
 piness was almost complete : I had
 only

only to gain possession of her beauty. *That* she hath refused me, and I am again miserable.

Now, Hamet, what am I? a sovereign or a slave?

LETTER XXXIX.

JULIA TO CARLOS.

I Will take your advice. I can stay here no longer. These rural scenes are now become disgusting. "It was here," I exclaimed, as I was last night sitting pensively in the chamber of the cottage, which was lately occupied by

Vol. II.

B

Orlando,

Orlando, "It was here I found and
 "lost a brother!" A thousand
 horrid ideas rushed into my mind.
 I arose, — I walked across the
 room,—I opened the casement. It
 was just after a shower of rain.
 The drops were still falling from
 the grape-vine that climbs round
 the window. "Alas !" I said,
 "you are weeping for Orlando!"
 The thought was extravagant ; but
 it brought forth my tears, and soft-
 ened the poignancy of my sensa-
 tions.

I looked over the heath : I saw
 the villagers sportive and happy.
 The peasants had returned from
 their labour, and were sitting, with
 their

their wives, on the benches before their doors, whilst their children frolicked among the yellow furze-bushes that sprinkled the heath. I could not avoid comparing their state with mine. Why are these people so much to be envied ? Do not *they* lose *friends* and brothers ?

I turned away from this charming spectacle. I cast my eyes on my favourite elms, and, beneath their branches, saw two female friends, walking arm in arm, apparently happy in each others society. I thought of Seraphina: my anxiety still increased. I beheld the opposite mountains; my eyes were riveted to the spot where we

rested when you conducted me to that delightful retreat which I so much admired. Methought I could distinguish the very oak under which we sat and conversed. Our theme was happiness :—happiness !—the very idea of it had now fled for ever !

My reflections were intolerable. I retired to steep my pillow with my tears.

LETTER

LETTER XL.**CARLOS TO JULIA.**

ALTHOUGH I have made the strictest researches, I have not yet been able to find the track of Orlando. Where hath this madman hidden himself? Or what rash design is he about to execute?

LETTER XLI.

ORLANDO TO CARLOS.

WITHOUT doubt you have heard of my appointment as successor to the late envoy at Constantinople, with liberal instructions to negotiate for the release of Seraphina. Never did the heart of a minister enter so warmly into the cause he was intrusted to promote. My happiness, both here and hereafter, depends on the issue of the enterprise. Should I miscarry, I have but one step farther to take,

In that case my resolutions are already formed. My task is indeed singularly distressing. I am not going to treat with a corrupted minister for the cession of a town or province, but to sue to a voluptuous arrogant despot for the release of a beautiful and innocent woman, who, by every law human and divine, is already mine. I am about to behold a wife, a tender affectionate wife, in the possession, though not in the arms, of another, but who has hitherto been preserved only by the thin fence of religion, which her oppressor has not yet dared to break through.

B 4

It

It will not surprise you that I should obtain my commission, knowing, as you do, my affinity to the first officer of state, and the service I rendered him on a former occasion.

I have just passed the confines of Poland, and am now at Bender, on my way to the Porte. I will write again soon after my arrival. Should my attempt be unsuccessful, I shall never see you more.—— Farewel !

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

FROM THE SAME.

YOU will, in some measure, conceive the agitation of my mind, when I tell you that I tread the same ground with Seraphina. I arrived here a few days ago, and have been privately to examine the seraglio. I walked backwards and forwards beneath its fortifications. I was struck with unutterable dread, when I beheld the high walls and battlements that separated me from
the

the most lovely of women, and seemed to be fixed as everlasting barriers between us.

I have paid a visit to Achmed, aga of the Janizaries, who is a declared enemy to the grand seignior. I was charmed with the affability of this officer. He has tendered me his services; and there was something so pleasing in the manner of his doing it, that I willingly accepted them. This young man has given me a high idea of Ottoman friendship. His quarrel with the Sultan was on account of a young Greek, with whom he was on the point of marriage; but Osman, having heard her beauty
much

much celebrated, desired to see her, and has confined her ever since in the seraglio. It is easy to perceive that Achmed is violently enamoured of this young captive. He speaks of her charms and accomplishments in the most glowing terms. He has given me some Turkish verses that he addressed to her on the eve of a battle, which I send for your amusement.

VERSES

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED BY ACHMED, THE WAR-
 RIOR, TO HIS SOUL'S CHARMER,
 THE BEAUTIFUL AURORA.

Stanza I.

Adieu, sweet maid ! the din of war
 Calls Achmed from thy arms afar.
 Inglorious fadness chills my heart ;
 'Tis death to stay, but worse to part.
 Would rapid time but move more slow,
 Or Fortune one short hour bestow,
 Within thy arms, reclin'd at ease,
 Beneath the shade of cypress trees,
 I'd hang my sabre on the boughs,
 And breathe once more my faithful vows.

Stanza

Stanza II.

I go to seek th'embattled plain,
Where Horror leads her direful train.
The clashing sword, the brazen shield,
The shrieks that rend th'ensanguin'd field,
Succeed to thy sweet silver voice,
That made the mimic birds rejoice,
When, in thy arms, reclin'd at ease,
Beneath the shade of cypress trees,
I hung my fabre on the boughs,
And breath'd to heav'n and thee my vows.

Stanza III.

Already I endure the stings
That cruel absence ever brings.
As thirsty camels, doom'd to toil
O'er wild Arabia's burning soil,
If near some lonely brook they stray,
Are driv'n reluctantly away,

So,

So, forc'd from thee by fate unkind,
 I linger, stop, and look behind,
 And still desire, reclin'd at ease,
 Beneath the shade of cypress-trees,
 To hang my fabre on the boughs,
 And breathe inviolable vows.

Stanza IV.

Yet, when the dreadful slaughter's o'er,
 When bearded jav'lins hiss no more,
 I'll quickly fly from fields of death
 To taste thy renovating breath,
 To view thy ever-blooming charms,
 To lodge within thy blissful arms,
 And, blest with beauty, love, and ease,
 Beneath the shade of cypress trees,
 To hang my fabre on the boughs,
 And breathe my everlasting vows!

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

FROM THE SAME.

THE time is not yet fixed for my audience. I cannot endure this terrible suspense. The pitiful artifices made use of to cause delay are too apparent; but I will not be duped. She is on the brink of a precipice. Why should I stand, like a tame unfeeling idior, to see her danger, and not stretch out a hand to prevent her from falling? In another day, another hour, it may be too late to
save

save her. Nay, perhaps, this very moment, which I am throwing away, completes her misery. But that thought leads to madness! I will then no longer bear these cruel pangs of uncertainty. She shall not another moment be subject to the odious addresses of this proud Turk. I will enter the seraglio, and tear her from his possession!

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

ACHMED, AGA OF THE JANIZARIES,
TO AURORA, THE GREEK.

KNOWING that thou livest in the habits of friendship with the lovely Polonese, as well on her own account as to counteract the designs of Osman, I shall use all my interest to forward the purpose of our new Christian envoy, whom I have already invited to my house. He appears to possess unbounded talents; but his vehement temper and open heart disqualify him for

a courtier. At the mere mention of Seraphina's name, I have seen him change colour, and beat his bosom, while his passions fermented almost to insanity. When he is in this state of mind, his questions respecting her are wild and incoherent. He hath been impolitic enough to threaten the sultan with personal resentment. I have repeatedly warned him of the danger that attends this unguarded conduct. I have intreated him to be more calm and temperate ; but as well might I ask the ocean to smoothe its face when torn from the bottom by raging whirlwinds. He has formed the mad design of entering

tering privately the gardens of the
 seraglio ; nor can my strongest ar-
 guments convince him of the dan-
 ger and extravagance of this un-
 dertaking. I have adverted to his
 public character, represented the
 indignity that will attend his detec-
 tion, and the certainty of his suf-
 fering a cruel and disgraceful death.
 But these admonitions seem but to
 act as stimulants only to his extra-
 vagance. In vain have I told him
 that the celestial gardens have been
 sacred in all ages : that they repre-
 sent the blissful bowers of Paradise :
 that young blooming beauties grow
 in them and flourish thicker than
 the roses that blush through the

vallies : that the paths of eternal green have never been trodden by the footsteps of man : and that we can no more judge of the delights they afford, than we can guess at the joys of heaven, which no mortal can experience till after the day of the balance. I swear, Aurora, though thou art dearer to me than the heart that beats within my breast, I would not profane the sanctuary, where thou now dwellest, even to obtain thy charms. The lucid springs would dry up at my approach, the fountains forget to play, the flowers on the spreading branches would wither, and the thunderbolt

thunderbolt quickly arrest me in my career.

No, charming maid! Achmed will repossess thee by more honourable means. Let the perfidious sultan beware of the resentment of a Janizary.* The seeds of revenge, which are sown in my bosom,

C 3

fom,

* The relation of a fact, in the entertaining memoirs of the Baron De Tott, shews us what consequence even the meanest of the Janizaries derives from his profession.

“ A drunken Janizary, pursued by the guard, who commonly have no other arms than large sticks, availed himself of the superiority which his sabre gave him over them to defend himself like a lion. He had already driven several of his enemies from the field, and, fatigued by his exertions, prepared for a new engagement by resting

form, will soon spring up and ripen.
 Their fruit shall overspread this
 shining empire!

LETTER

ing on the steps of a khan,* whilst the guard converted the attack into a blockade. The grand seignior, who frequently goes about the city in a disguise which conceals him from nobody, happening to be on the spot, approached the offender, told him to lay down his weapon, and surrender himself a prisoner; but nothing could move our hero, who, carelessly regarding his sovereign, threatened the first who should approach. The sultan then asked him to what company he belonged, and, on his answer, sent for his commander, who presently arrived. 'Disarm that man,' said the grand seignior, 'and conduct him to the castle.' The officer directly takes off his girdle, and advances towards the rebel with it in his right hand, whilst he held out to him his left, saying, 'Fellow soldier, give me your weapon, and follow me!' which he immediately did without any reply, and with an air of the most humble submission.

Prejudice will always have more influence than fear, and more power than despotism."

* A public house where merchants and travellers lodge.

LETTER XLV.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO ZELIM, PRINCE
OF THE ROYAL EUNUCHS.

LET Aurora, the young Greek,
be removed from the solitary
castle. She is again to be the as-
sociate of Seraphina, who has de-
sired this change to take place,
therefore thou wilt not be surpris'd
at it. I can no more resist the
wishes of Seraphina than heaven
can refuse the prayers of good Mus-
fulmen

L E T T E R XLVI.

ORLANDO TO CARLOS.

I Will trifle no longer. I will either see her or die in the attempt. Osman's passion is already blazed abroad. His motives for delaying my audience are too apparent, but they shall fail of their effect. I have won over to my interest a black eunuch, who holds a principal office in the seraglio. He has carried a letter to Seraphina to inform her of my design, and undertakes, at the risk of his life, to conduct

conduct me to her presence. This night is fixed for the undertaking. Never did adoring Persian wait with more impatience for the rising sun than I wait now for his departure. The glimmering of his last feeble rays on the domes and spires of the seraglio is the signal for me to meet my fable guide at one of the smaller gates of the seraglio, next the sea of Marmora.

The experiment is dangerous; but, like a losing gamester, I hazard every thing on one desperate throw.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO IBRAHIM, PRI-
MATE OF THE DIVINE LAW.

THE rose-tree is fair and lovely
to behold. It riseth up a-
mong surrounding flowers : it proud-
ly overlooketh the humble violet
and the lily ; yet it is cursed with
the pointed thorn, that lurketh be-
neath its tempting blossoms. Most
venerable Mufti, I am this rose-
tree. I stand pre-eminent in the
midst of the garden : my foliage is

a shelter from storms and tempests :
 I bear my blooming honours round
 my head ; but they serve only to
 conceal the thorn of conscience
 that rankleth in my bosom. Ibra-
 him, I fear I shall soon be uprooted.
 I will no longer delay my pilgri-
 mage to Mecca. I fear some migh-
 ty evil is suspended over my head.
 The judgement of heaven cometh
 suddenly upon me. It will eclipse
 the lustre of my reign like the dark
 cloud that overshadoweth the face
 of the glorious sun. Do not think
 I am duped by visionary fear : I
 have ample ground for my suspi-
 cions.

I

I walked forth to muse in the celestial gardens. I passed by a spreading olive-tree, and saw a beautiful woman, sitting in a disconsolate posture, among the high grass that sprung from its roots. She held a lute in her hand, on which she played a melancholy air. I approached, and saw it was Seraphina. I stood gazing upon her like one entranced. It was then that I was attacked by that spirit of mischief who wanders round the world to suggest evil thoughts to the hearts of men. He whispered me to break the sacred oath which I had sworn by the head of Mahomet. My soul was enflamed,
and

and I determined to accomplish my purpose. I came nearer. I seated myself by her side. Her whole frame was shaken: she was in an agony of fear. Her cheeks alternately resembled the lily of Paradise and the rose of Sharon. I touched the yielding gauze that veiled her snowy bosom, when she started from me, and assumed a look at once beautiful and full of terror. I thought I beheld one of the three disconsolate angels who shall visit me in my grave. My senses began to fail me. I was lost almost to stupefaction. When I recovered from my reverie, I saw her pace over the green hills till she entered a grove

grove of cypress that hid her from my sight. I was enveloped in a dark mist of melancholy. A thousand horrid chimeras pierced my imagination. A sudden drowsiness overtook me : I fell into a profound sleep, and dreamed a dream.

I thought I was seated upon a great camel that refused to go forward. Enraged at his obstinacy, I alighted, and made an attempt to strike him with my scimitar ; when, lo ! his body vanished, but the head remained fixed to the bridle, which I still held.

This vision haunts me in my waking hours. I desire thou wilt summon all the supreme doctors

tors in the empire, that it may be speedily interpreted. Holy Muf-ti, I am impatient of delay ; hasten therefore to remove the burthen that heavily presseth on the spirits of thy sovereign.

LETTER XLVIII.

ORLANDO TO CARLOS.

MY attempt has been frustrated. I repaired to the place of assignation at the appointed hour. In vain I expected the black eunuch : he did not appear. It

was

was a fine evening, and I wandered a considerable way along the sea-shore. The moon silvered the tops of the high trees that looked over the walls of the gardens. As far as I could cast my eyes the waves of the sea were tipped with a glimmering light, which danced from one billow to another. The murmurs of the surges, which continually lashed the shore, were relieved at intervals by soft music that issued from the distant seraglio. Had my agitation been less, I should have been enraptured with the beauty of the scene. I was looking attentively over the face of the water, when I saw something
like

like a blue mist move toward me. I soon perceived it was a boat ; and, when it came nearer, I found in it two fishermen, whom I prevailed upon to row me a small way under the walls of the serail, thinking I might find some pass, by which I could enter the gardens. But my hopes were soon destroyed, for I found them every where inaccessible.

As we were returning, our ears were saluted by the sweetest sounds, that seemed to proceed from the sea-side. I was informed they were the complaints of a young female, named Aza, whose lover had sometime before been drowned whilst

he was bathing in the sea. She had, since, frequently visited the spot at midnight to pour forth her tender sorrows. Struck with the novelty of the incident, I desired the watermen to row gently towards the shore, when I plainly distinguished the following accents.

The
LAMENTATIONS of AZA.

Whilst breaking billows gently rise,
 And curl, and roar along,
 The wretched Aza hither flies
 To raise her mournful song!

Her

Her mournful song, that nightly sweeps
 Far o'er the glassy wave,
 Where hapless Jasmir lonely sleeps
 Within his liquid grave.

Jasmir, who urg'd the fatal spear,
 No equal e'er had he :—
 Brave Jasmir, who to all was dear,
 But more than dear to me !

His voice out-thrill'd the thrush's song,
 In flow'ry meadows heard ;
 His limbs were supple, fair, and strong,
 And glossy black his beard.

The colour of his manly face
 Was like the ruddy pear,
 Which bears the am'rous sun's embrace
 Through half the sultry year.

But he is lost, for ever lost,
 Beneath yon wat'ry bed :
 The bounding skiff, by tempests tost,
 Oft dances o'er his head.

O cruel unrelenting tide,
 The grave of all his charms,
 No longer his dear relics hide !
 Restore them to my arms !

I'll dig beside thy foaming surf,
 And there inclose them deep ;
 Then place above the grassy turf,
 And o'er it bend and weep.

The hills, that echo back my cries,
 The billows, as they flow,
 The waining moon, the starry skies,
 Shall witness to my woe !

Here

Here the unhappy Aza was interrupted by the dashing of our oars, and immediately fled.

LETTER XLIX.

FROM THE SAME.

HER fate will soon be determined! To-morrow is fixed for my private audience. I have every reason to expect success.

O Carlos! after so many fears and disappointments, what luxury will it be to behold her again! How will her eyes sparkle, and her

D 3 cheeks

cheeks be flushed with joy, when she runs to snatch me to her throbbing bosom!

LETTER L.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO HAMET, GRAND
VIZIER.

HAMET, thou art a true Musliman!—— Thy soul will shrink back into itself when thou hearest of my degradation. My honour hath been tarnished. It hath received a stain which time can never wear away. I am allied in
blood

blood to the great prophet, but I have been disgraced, and am no longer his vicegerent on earth.

I tell thee, Hamet, I have suffered a blow! an ignominious blow! from the hand of an infidel! — Come to me without delay. I am choaked with rage. I droop, I die, with shame.

My ripe honours are withered, and dried up, like the blighted vineyard that is suddenly affailed by a blast from heaven.

LETTER LI.**ORLANDO TO CARLOS.**

I Am not enough collected to give you a regular account of my audience. I have chastised this barbarian. I have humbled him to the dust.

Think what I must have suffered when he desired me to inform the court of Warsaw, that Seraphina was his, not only by the custom of war, but by the laws of religion, and the still closer ties of love !

Carlos,

Carlos, he dared most vilely to traduce the chafest and loveliest of women. He called her his only sultaneſs.*—He boasted of her favours,

My ſoul ſpurned at the horrible idea. And, in the height of ungovernable rage, I ſtruck the tyrant to the earth whiſt he was ſurrounded by his guards and counſellors. My deſtruction is the inevitable conſequence ; but that cannot

* The firſt lady who is pregnant in the ſeraglio is called ſultaneſs, or *aſaki ſultaneſs*. If ſhe is delivered of a boy, ſhe has the honour to be crowned ; and forms her court from the chamber of young ladies, having the liberty to take as many as ſhe pleaſes, and thoſe ſhe likes beſt.

Habeſci.

not come too soon, for I have now
lost Seraphina eternally.

LETTER LII.

HAMET, GRAND VIZIER, TO ACH-
MED, AGA OF THE INVINCIBLE
JANIZARIES.

IT is the will of the great sultan,
that Orlando, the Christian,
for greater security, be removed
from his present confinement to the
castle of seven towers, which is un-
der thy government. The man-
ner of his death is not yet deter-
mined upon. Thou wilt take heed
to

to place over him an additional guard of Janizaries. For an infidel to lay violent hands on the representative of the holy prophet is an offence exceeding all imagination. It is looked upon by true believers with horror, detestation, and amazement. It is difficult to conceive how even the intention to commit a crime of such enormous magnitude could enter into the heart of man. But, when we consider that the fate of every one is engraven on his forehead, and that it is not in his own power to do good or evil, but by the direction of the stars which presided at his birth, our wonder will in some measure decrease.

decrease. We ought no longer to question the ways of fate, but to believe that there is but one God, and to rejoice that Mahomet is his prophet.

LETTER LIII.

ORLANDO TO SERAPHINA.

WITH a trembling hand I
 take up my pen to bid you
 a last adieu! I every moment
 expect a cruel and shameful death,
 yet the reflection, that I have re-
 sented the injuries you have suffer-
 ed from a ruffian, whose cruelties
 have

have long pierced your helpless bosom, will alleviate the horror of my doom. O Seraphina ! it is not *death* that I dread, though it approach me in the most terrible form. This gloomy prison, where I languish, the heavy chains that bruise my limbs, the tortures inflicted upon me by the most inhuman wretches, shall not draw from me a symptom of fear. Even the fatal axe, when it is suspended over my head in my last moments, will not be so dreadful as the thought that its stroke will separate us for ever. Seraphina, I shall never see you more ! This is the thought that unmans me, that makes me
tremble,

tremble, and brings forth the bitterness of tears. I cannot part :—I cannot stand the horrid trial. Oh ! I remember all your virtues. I remember your tenderness for me in the days of our prosperity. I remember the smiles that were always spread over your countenance when we met together ; your fond expressions, and your tender endearments.

How then can I leave you behind, still to sigh, and weep, and suffer ! How can I abandon you, a devoted victim to a wretch, from whom you will never escape without a miracle !

I

I cherished the fond hopes of relieving you from your frightful confinement. I thought to see those gentle days renewed that lately witnessed our happiness, when every moment discovered to me some new beauty in your face, or some native sweetness of your soul; when, from the rising to the setting sun, we were still delighted, contented, and happy.

Alas! how is the scene reversed! My soul shrinks within me when I think of the miseries you are doomed to endure. Oh! lovely sufferer, I must not leave you thus! I am softened into cowardice. Find out some expedient by which I may
still

still be saved. I cannot, will not,
yet bid you adieu!

LETTER LIV.

SERAPHINA TO ORLANDO.

NO, Orlando! — we will not
part! Not all the powers
on earth shall divide us! Oh! do
not talk of dying! Do not tear
my heart with so terrible an idea;
a heart already weak, and worn with
anguish. A lost and miserable
wretch, far from my native home,
without fortune, friends, or liberty,
what

what means can I devise to save a life far dearer to me than my own ? Am not I your wife ? your fond and faithful wife ? Did I not promise before heaven never to forsake you ? and shall not I cling nearer to you in this hour of sorrow than when we enjoyed the sweets of ease and freedom, and I could shew my love only by words and careffes ?

Orlando, if I can do no more, I can, at least, *die* with you : and I here solemnly vow, should you suffer that dreadful stroke, which I yet trust the justice of heaven will avert ; — I vow, Orlando, still to be faithful to our first, our dearest, loves. I will instantly follow thee,

and meet thee beyond the grave. Think not I would bear another moment of cruel existence!—that I would stoop to be a vile prey to misery and pollution!

What have I said? — *Should you suffer!* Agonizing thought! Orlando, you shall not suffer! I will step between you and your murderers: I will do—— Gracious God! what can I do?

I will burst from my confinement to soften the hearts of the barbarians! My shrieks of lamentation shall deter them from their purpose!

LETTER

LETTER LV.

AURORA, THE GREEK, TO ACHMED,
AGA OF THE JANIZARIES.

IN the heaviness of her soul, the dejected Seraphina has thrown herself at the feet of the sultan, to implore that mercy, for the unhappy Orlando, which he alone, under heaven, is able to bestow. Never before did grief appear so lovely : but still Osman remains inexorable. He even hinted that another day is the longest time the wretched Orlando has to live. It would weigh

down your heart with melancholy,
 were you to see this charming
 mourner wandering in the most so-
 litary recesses of the gardens, beat-
 ing her breasts, scattering her fine
 auburn hair, and pouring out her
 very soul in sighs and groans.

Achmed, I have often seen the
 tear of pity start from your eye.
 You have tenderness and sympathy,
 but these are but passive virtues.
 Oh! if you would now call your
 generous feelings into action, — if
 you would save an unhappy youth
 from destruction, and snatch a
 drooping female from the grave,
 what a triumph were yours! What
 shall I say farther? You do not
 want

want incentives to a virtuous deed. Yet, remember, the same malignant destroyer, who has ruined the peace of these ill-fated lovers, has also annihilated your own tranquillity, and that of your once-happy Aurora. Has he not punished us with the dreadful pangs of separation? Did he not tear me from your fostering bosom, and place me here, a tender, drooping, flower, to wither on the ground?

How glorious would it be, by one well-timed stroke, to avenge all our wrongs on this detested sultan, — to crush all his hopes, and frustrate all his sanguinary designs! You command the castle of Se-

ven Towers, and Orlando is under your custody. If it were possible for him to escape—— But you already guess at my meaning, which I dare not farther explain. Should I have said too much, I fly for refuge to your *heart*. That will soon prompt you to forgiveness.

You cannot leave the youth, who has once been your friend, thus basely to perish. Consider, noble Achmed, your souls are congenial. You no sooner saw than loved him. Unfortunate Orlando! why did nature infuse into thy noble breast an ardour, a vehemence of spirit, that hath hurried thee to destruction!

O Achmed ! if you interpose not,
 he must suffer : and in his suffering
 will be involved the fate of the
 most amiable woman that ever ap-
 peared in the sacred form of unful-
 lied beauty !

LETTER LVI.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
 FAITHFUL, TO SERAPHINA, THE
 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIAN.

OSMAN, lord of the tree of
 life, stoopeth to salute the
 sweetest blossom in the beautiful
 gardens.

gardens. We honour the dust that falleth from thy snowy feet.

It is our study to gratify every wish of thy heart; we have therefore concluded to grant the pardon of the Christian, Orlando; but, in return, we expect condescendence on thy part. We desire to be paid for our royal favours with the brilliant coin of beauty. In short, we expect thou wilt yield to our ardent passion, and become the happiest of the fair creation, the unrivalled companion of all our softest hours, and the princess of three thousand charming sultanas.*

Remember

* The number of women in the haram depends on the taste of the reigning monarch. Sultan Selim had nearly

Remember it now depends on thyself to preserve the life for which thou hast petitioned. In the lenity of our soul, we give thee one day for consideration. In that time, shouldst thou conclude to receive our embraces, thy unhappy friend shall be discharged, and safely conducted to his native country ; but, if thou shouldst offer a refusal, he must not only die instantly, but die in the most excruciating tortures that human vengeance can inflict !

LETTER

nearly two thousand ; Sultan Mackmut had but three hundred ; and the present sultan has pretty near sixteen hundred. Habesci.

LETTER LVII.

SERAPHINA TO ORLANDO.

YOU have but a few short hours to live !—I shall never clasp you in my arms again. Orlando, you must resign me,—think of me no more. Forget me, Orlando, and all our joys : forget how much, how fondly, I have loved you ! Think no more on what is dear to you on earth, but make your peace with heaven. Repent, Orlando, *for you die tomorrow !*

Can

Can you imagine there is a thing on earth I would not undertake, were it in my power, to preserve a life so dear, so precious, as yours? No! You think that, whatever were the difficulty, I should strive to surmount it:—you are deceived; indeed you are. It depends on me alone to determine whether you shall live or die; and yet I do not hesitate to conclude on the latter.

Orlando, you have blest me with a faithful fond affection. Ungrateful, miserable, wretch that I am! your years of kindness, constancy, and tendernefs, I am doomed to reward by condemning you to misery, disgrace, and death!

Yes,

Yes, I could now loosen the cruel chains that weigh you down: I could make your prison-doors fly open: I could cause you to pass unmolested to your native country, and, in the bosom of our valuable friends, to enjoy the calm and elegant delights of society: but, ah! the terms! the shocking odious terms! I cannot even repeat them. Read the inclosed letter, and then judge of my torments.

But I have collected all my reason and resolution. I am prepared to part. It is only the dreadful *manner* of parting that now disturbs me.

Oh!

Oh ! if I could see you but for one short moment, hold you to my heart, my faithful heart, and beg your forgiveness for the pangs, the torments, you must undergo on my account—

But how could I bear the agonizing scene ! Alas, tis impossible !

You shall live, Orlando, and I will be miserable and despised !

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.**ORLANDO TO SERAPHINA.**

THE concluding lines of your letter have pierced me to the soul. What have you said? You cannot surely think I am so vile, so pitiful, a wretch, that I would accept of life upon such base, detested, conditions!

Have a care, Seraphina! Guard against the influence of your fears. Do not be biassed by a weak and ill-judged pity. How could such an execrable idea find a moment's existence

istence in your chaste, your spotless, bosom ? By heaven and earth, were you to prolong my wretched life by such dishonourable means, I would employ it in calling down curses on your head !

Forgive me, Seraphina : forgive my warmth on such a trying occasion. The direful thought hath overset my better reason. I have mistaken your meaning.

You did not intend to wound my feelings. You are all love and tenderness. O Seraphina, now is the time to call forth your fortitude ! Do not, my only faithful friend, do not let a weak sympathy subdue your nobler feelings. Pre-
pare

pare for the fatal trial. Shrink not from a contest worthy of yourself. The assurance that you are still mine, and only mine ; that you are still blooming, affectionate, and innocent, will give peace to my soul, and sweeten my latest moments !

Now would I bid you a final adieu ; but, alas ! my resolution is fled.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

**OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO IBRAHIM, HEAD
OF THE HOLY LAW.**

THE ingenious contrivance
that was suggested to me hath
unluckily failed. Seraphina not
only refuses to accede to the propo-
sition, but refuses with haughtiness
and disdain. And yet I am more
than ever her slave. Her pride,
her very frowns, are charming :
they are sweeter than the smiles of

the most beautiful daughters of men. There is a mild dignity in her countenance that is at once forbidding and delightful. Were virtue, the lovely child of heaven, to visit the earth in a human shape, she could not assume a look more awful, and, at the same time, more enchanting.

I tell thee, Ibrahim, Seraphina was born for empire. For what purpose was she moulded into that exquisite form of beauty but to grace the throne of a monarch, to charm away his cares, and to make the weighty diadem sit lighter on his brow? Holy musti, there is but one expedient left by which I
can

can obtain this divine woman. Thou knewest, that, among the infidels, a public odium is cast on those females who grant their favours to the most passionate lover before the consummation of marriage. This superstition hath become so universal, that not only the men consent to it, but the women think themselves aggrieved and insulted unless it be strictly adhered to. I have some reason to suppose, that, were I to pass through this ceremony with Seraphina, it would remove the obstacle that now keeps her from my embraces. But this cannot be done without thy assistance. I therefore desire, reverend

musti, that thou wouldst send me a dispensation immediately for this purpose, that I may not break a law which was made and established by the great prophet.*

Do not think I have lost sight of my reason, or that I step too far beyond the boundaries of prudence, to gratify this, my favourite, passion. It is true I could possess her without submitting to this form : I could lay violent hold on her tempting

* The grand seignior, according to the alcoran, never marries or contracts himself to any woman ; nor are his ladies ever the daughters of his Mahometan subjects. But it is in his power to evade any of the written laws with the assistance of the musti, who is held in as great reverence among the Mahometans as the pope among the Roman Catholics :

ing charms, and forcibly rife all her beauties. But two powerful reasons deter me from such an attempt. I should not only dread the resentment of Mahomet here, but the miserable fate I must experience hereafter, for having perverted the blessings which heaven hath been pleased to give us in the fairest of the two sexes.*

And yet, reverend father, I could do all but this to enjoy Seraphina, who is brighter than the brightest daughters of paradise. Imagination, unless it is inspired, cannot

F 3

travel

* The Turks have a notion that he who treats women cruelly on earth will be deprived of their favours in Paradise.

travel so far into the regions of the
 blessed as to behold her equal in
 beauty. To possess her on earth
 I would almost forego the joys of
 heaven, where the righteous shall
 put on garments gayer than the
 rainbow ; where they shall sit under
 the shades of large spreading trees,
 through which the brightest celest-
 tial sun-shine cannot pierce, pluck-
 ing and eating the fairest fruit ;
 where they shall wander by lucid
 streams, shall drink the most deli-
 cious liquors ; where appetite shall
 be constantly renewed for the re-
 newal of enjoyment ; where they
 shall throw themselves upon beds of
 the sweetest herbs and flowers, and
 for

for ever enjoy the careſſes of beautiful women without languor or ſatiety.

LETTER LX.

ACHMED, AGA OF THE JANIZARIES,
TO AURORA, FAIREST OF THE
GREEKS.

A Youth, who is called Carlos, the boſom-friend of Orlando, is arrived from Poland. Having been very deſirous to ſee his unhappy companion, I have contrived to admit him privately into the caſtle. Their meeting was ex-

F 4 ceedingly

ceedingly affecting. It seems a tender connection subsists between Carlos and the sister of Orlando. This fatal accident hath made a sad breach in the happiness of a family, cemented by the strongest ties of mutual affection.

As to thy letter, beautiful Aurora, I have well considered its contents, but I dare not flatter thee with hopes.

May heaven preserve thy beauty and increase thy felicity !

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

CARLOS TO JULIA.

JULIA, it is too true ! The horrid account we received is true in its utmost extent. I have seen your miserable brother. I flew to him immediately on my arrival. I found him in a gloomy dungeon, lying on the bare earth, and calling aloud on Seraphina. I spoke.—He started at my well-known voice, looked earnestly upon me, as if doubting the conviction of his own eyes : then suddenly sprang up, and

and made an effort to move towards me. There was something so shocking in the crash of his chains, which I had not observed while he lay still, that I was almost petrified with horror. I gave an involuntary shriek.

“Come nearer,” said he, “Carlos. I would approach you, but you see by what I am prevented;” (pointing to his fetters.)

“This is a miserable sight, Orlando!” “But let it not affect you

too much,” he continued: “you

have come a long way to see me

die; you shall see me die manfully.”

“No more of that,” said I.

“You may still live and be happy.”

“True,”

“ True,” answered Orlando,
“ it is in my power to enjoy a few
“ years more of existence; but do
“ you know the price, the dread-
“ ful price, I must pay for this mi-
“ serable favour?”

“ No!” I replied, impatient for
an explanation.

“ Then I will tell you. I
“ must forfeit my honour: I must
“ give up all that is dear and valu-
“ able: I must resign Seraphina:
“ resign her a prey to pollution,
“ wretchedness, and disgrace. Her
“ feeling heart, harrowed up by a
“ consciousness of dishonour; her
“ great spirit wounded by the sense
“ of guilt; and, in this deplorable
“ situation,

" situation, left to struggle with
 " the weight of her sorrows, till
 " her tender frame sinks beneath
 " the burden ! And for what rea-
 " son abandon her to such exces-
 " sive wretchedness ? Because she
 " has loved me with unspeakable
 " tenderness ; because she has al-
 " ways preferred my happiness to
 " her own, rejoiced at my succe-
 " ses, and felt all my misfortunes,
 " even more than myself. She has
 " been my companion from infan-
 " cy. We embarked in one bot-
 " tom, and have sailed together
 " through life. We are now cast
 " away : we are floating on a small
 " wreck, where there is room but
 " for

“ for one of us to remain. And shall
“ I, to insure my own safety, cruelly
“ push her off, and give her help-
“ less to the waves? Yet, if I do
“ not this, I am irrecoverably lost.
“ Tell me, therefore, Carlos, shall
“ I live or die?

Alas, Julia, what answer could
I make?

“ You are right,” continued he;
“ your *heart* is with me: but, had
“ you dissented, you could not
“ have changed my resolution.
“ My worldly affairs are arranged:
“ I am prepared for my fate.
“ There is one thing, however,
“ which disturbs me. I have treat-
“ ed Julia with severity, but I ne-
“ ver

“ ever harboured the detestable pas-
 “ sion of malice. My resentment
 “ has ever been the resentment of
 “ a moment. It was sudden and
 “ impetuous. I could never resist
 “ its influence; but — do not I
 “ die a victim to my ungoverned
 “ passions?

* * * * *

“ I conjure you, Carlos, make
 “ my peace with Julia. Tell her
 “ I always held her near my soul :
 “ that I loved her with the affec-
 “ tion of a brother. She will find
 “ no difficulty in believing this,
 “ knowing me incapable of dissi-
 “ mulation. Ill, indeed, would
 “ it

“it become me to dissemble on the
 “very brink of a grave. But, as
 “a farther proof of my perfect re-
 “conciliation, I have bequeathed
 “to her my dearest treasure.”
 (He then took the picture of Sera-
 phina from his bosom, and, pre-
 senting it, said,) “This hath been
 “my faithful companion. It hath
 “cheared me in the bitter hour of
 “adversity. Tell Julia this must
 “supply the place of her departed
 “friend.”

Here we were interrupted; but
 I dare not tell you in what a distress-
 ful manner!!!

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

FROM THE SAME.

ERE you receive this, he will be no more! The horrid preparations for death are already making. He has not another hour to breathe, but he meets his fate with the noblest fortitude. The officer was knocking off his fetters when I parted from him. I was too much affected to behold the dreadful ceremony.

The letter, which is inclosed, he sealed in my presence. “ Carlos,”
said

said he, " see this conveyed to Julia : it contains the best advice to the dearest of sisters."

Ah! my loved friend, what a scene have I to go through! I must leave you abruptly.—

I am going to pay him the last offices of friendship ; but it is the first time I ever attended him with regret. *O Julia, what a brother have you lost!*

LETTER LXIII.

AURORA, THE GREEK, TO SERAPHINA.

I AM detained by the sultanas to drink coffee in the haram. They have just received a visit from the sultan. I must not delay a moment to acquaint you with the news he has left.

Ah! Seraphina, in a few minutes the dreadful sentence will be executed! *Orlando is going to the sacrifice! The hand of death is over him!*

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

SERAPHINA TO AURORA THE
GREEK.

ALAS! what have you said?
Gracious God! is not Orlando my husband? Is it not yet in my power to save him? O heaven, sustain my breaking heart. In this moment of trial inspire me with courage. Suffer me not to be pitiless, inhuman, ungrateful!

LETTER LXV.

ABRAHIM, PRIMATE OF THE DIVINE
LAW, TO OSMAN, COMMANDER
OF THE FAITHFUL.

DREAD Lord, I here transmit
to thee the dispensation thou
requirest; but I cannot forbear to
send with it some spiritual advice.
For, such is the nature of my office,
that, far from assisting the designs
of the wicked, I am commissioned
to guide the footsteps of true be-
lievers through the craggy paths of
human life; to lead them clear of
the

the snares and ambushes that lie in their way ; to protect them from the wolves of irreligion, that issue from the rocks, and the serpents of infidelity, that lurk under thorns and briers by the way side ; and, at last, to guide them safely over the bridge that leads to paradise, which is not broader than the edge of the keenest razor. I do not fear to tell thee, mighty sultan, that, if thou shouldst decline to adopt my advice, thou wilt never pass over this dangerous bridge : thy feet will slip, and thou wilt fall down into that dreadful gulph from which no one can ever emerge.

Magnanimous Osman, thou art led captive by the charms of a woman, and to enjoy her thou wouldst not stop at any enormity. Already thou hast dared to trample on the most sacred laws of the prophet. Why didst thou take that solemn oath, at first, which is registered against thee in heaven, and is an immoveable bar to thy desires. On that important day, when the good and evil works of all musfulmen shall be weighed in the great scales, this oath will rise up against thee. It will be presented, fairly written by one of the white angels, and thou wilt be forced to read it aloud to thy own condemnation.

Thou,

Thou, unthinkingly, confidest
 in this stratagem of the marriage;
 but I have been unravelling the
 secrets of the book of nine thou-
 sand sentences, and am empowered
 to tell thee, thou wilt never enjoy,
 either on earth or in paradise, the
 charms of this woman, in whom
 thou so much delightest.

Great Sultan, I feel something
 within which tells me, that, unless
 thou correctest thy vices, thou wilt
 not long continue to sit on the splen-
 did throne of thy fathers.

G 4 LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

CARLOS TO JULIA.

I HAVE not words to express my joy.—Orlando still lives! He has been snatched from the very arms of death. I have witnessed a scene, that exhibited, at one view, the excess of human misery and happiness. I attended my friend to the fatal place where he had been sentenced to suffer. We had embraced each other, and were taking a last farewell, when a message arrived

rived from the seraglio, to reverse the direful sentence. The effect produced by this order was grateful to the finest feelings of humanity. A general shout of joy was immediately given by the spectators. Orlando, who had before appeared exalted amidst his sufferings, now lost all his fortitude. His thoughts, which had been fixed on heaven, rebounded to the earth with double violence. His heart was softened: he shed tears: the inflexible Orlando shed tears! — “Enough!” he cried; “I shall see her again, I shall see Seraphina!” — He sunk into my arms. —

* * *

* * * * *

He was remanded to his former
confinement, but we hourly expect
a final discharge.

O Julia ! heaven is on our side !
We are still reserved for happiness !

LETTER

Orlando, why did I love you so
tenderly ? O miserable weakness !
what

LETTER LXVII.

SERAPHINA TO ORLANDO.

IT is all over, Orlando! I am
doomed to eternal disgrace.—

I have forsaken, renounced, you,
and am the *wife of another*!

I am covered with shame. Every soft, every lovely, every tender, passion is fled from my heart, a heart already wounded by the stings of guilt.

Orlando, why did I love you so tenderly? O miserable weakness!

what

what have I done? I have preserved your life that it may be filled up with days and hours of unceasing sorrow.

What a shock will you have to sustain! I have stuck a dagger into your heart, and inhumanly left you to linger under your wounds, unpitied and unassisted.

Why did I not rather see you meet that death you were doomed to suffer? Why was not I cruel and inexorable? Ah! why did I yield to my sorrows, and not resist the dictates of my enfeebled mind?

But I am no longer yours. I am no longer the Seraphina that once rested on your bosom and

cheared

cheared you with the smiles of innocence. Turn from me, Orlando: I am a horror to myself: I sicken and die with shame.

Who would have thought I should ever abjure you, and fly into the arms of one so far, so very far, beneath you? Now, Orlando, despise me! Load me with censures and execrations: tell me I never loved you with sincerity: call me unfeeling, false, and treacherous; a hateful, vile, dissembler! All this, and much more, will I bear without complaining. But yet my full heart tells me I do not, indeed I do not, deserve these ignominious reproaches. Think of the dire
necessity

necessity that urged me to the deed. Had I delayed another moment, how fatal had been the consequence! O Orlando! you would have been no more!—That fine form, on which I have so often hung with rapture, had been basely mangled, torn, and scattered to the winds.

No, miserable Seraphina!—You are indeed fallen, but you fell through the tenderness of your soul, which the sweet persuasive whispers of mercy had melted into infant softness.

Come then, Orlando, come and bring with you forgiveness and consolation: come and listen to my plea.

plea. Let me once more press you to my heart, ere we are separated for ever ! Alas ! I talk in vain. — Do not I know that there is an eternal impediment between us ? Do not I know that we are to meet no more ? But, were it possible, you would not surely come near me. Have not I sworn to be true to another ? and for what purpose should you come ? O terrible idea ! to commit adultery with the wife of your bosom !

Rather fly from me : — fly to some distant region, where my polluted name will never meet your ear. Leave me, unprotected, a prey to the detestable embraces of

a frightful barbarian. Ah, there
 is the horrid thought !!!
 But think not I will ever become
 so very vile a wretch. My first,
 my only lord, you will not judge
 of me so severely. Do not ima-
 gine I will ever yield up my chas-
 tity, and commence a wanton !
 What, though I have already passed
 through a hateful ceremony, yet
 did I not do it from the best of mo-
 tives, to save you from an untimely
 and shocking death ? And shall
 not the same heart, which induced
 me to commit the generous act,
 shall it not also guard me from the
 commission of a crime infinitely
 more dreadful than death itself ?

THOMAS

H

Never

Never will I sink to such a depth of infamy. I will discard every weakness of my sex. The few charms I possess shall be destroyed : I will tear the bloom from my blushing cheeks, and dim the lustre of my eyes : I will perish, and disappoint the vile hopes of my destroyer.

My woes are at last complete. It is hardly in the power of fate to add one more to the number. My heart bleeds when I think of our former happiness. How did each successive day bring us new pleasures ! How delightful were our mornings, noons, and evenings, when we were embosomed in our

native mountains ! Orlando, you will see those mountains again ; but what a different prospect will they afford !

When you return to visit our solitary mansion, once the scene of every elegant and every social pleasure, good God ! what will be your sensations ! When you approach—when you enter the park, pass through our accustomed walks, and survey the surrounding objects, the well-known hills, and lakes, and valleys, how will every field, and every hedge, and every tree, bring to your mind the recollection of Seraphina !

“ Here,” will you say, “ we have often strayed together

“ These

" These were her pleasing haunts.

" I remember she once sat beneath

" that very elm, and sang her fa-

" vourite airs, when the peasants

" leaned over yonder hedge, in

" the hay-meadow, to listen. On

" the fallen tree, upon that sunny

" hill, would she sit whole after-

" noons, delighted to hear me read

" the English Shakspeare. The

" woodbine, that creeps round this

" ash, she culled from the wood, and

" planted here with her own hand."

These, and a thousand other
fond remembrances, will croud up-

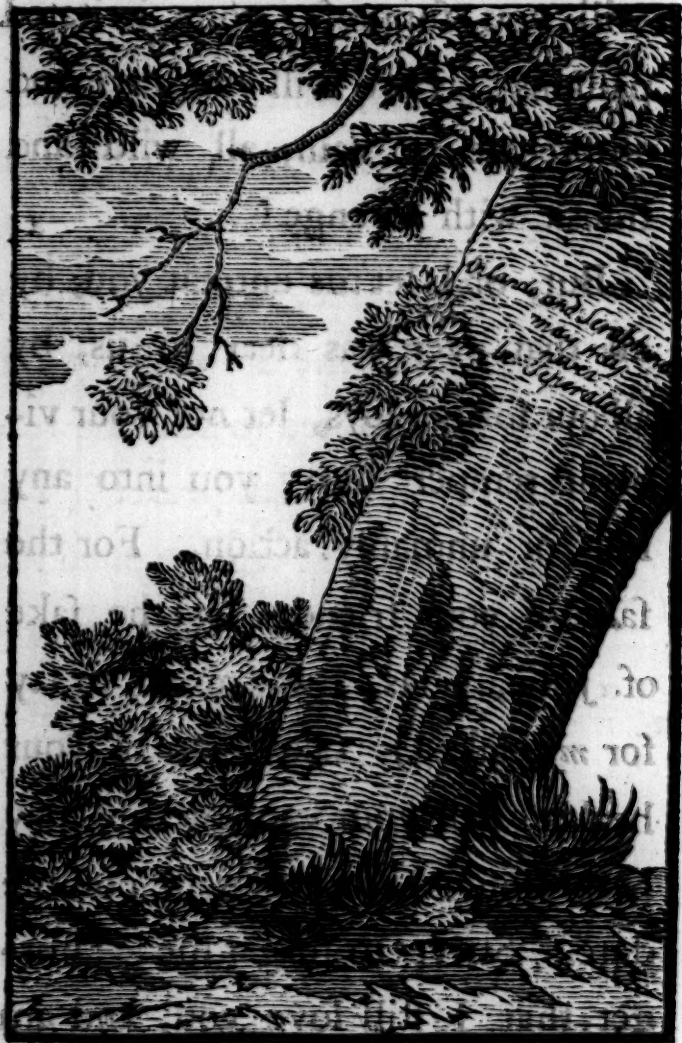
on your mind. But, oh! what

poignant reflections must you en-

counter when you read the following

H 2 inscription,

inscription, which I carved on our
favourite oak by the road-side!



May they never be separated!

heaven,

heaven, what must you feel ! How will you suppress your irritated passions ! How will you rave and imprecate in vain, all wild and frantic with revenge !

But, oh ! let me entreat you, by all that ever was dear to us, by all our former joys, let not your violent temper hurry you into any rash or unmanly action. For the sake of your friends, for the sake of Julia, (alas, I was going to say for *my* sake !) take care of your health, that your valuable life may be prolonged to the latest possible date. Strive to forget me ! Forget that I still love you, and am wretched !

But, if you cannot force me from your thoughts; if, though dead to every sense of happiness, I should still live in your affections, let this last solemn asseveration support you in your most melancholy moments:

By all that is sacred in heaven, neither force, nor threats, nor cruelties, shall ever drag me one step from the paths of chastity! I will rather *die* than dishonour you. My mind is decayed with sorrow, but it shall continue virtuous even in its ruins!

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO HAMET, GRAND
VIZIER.

HAMET, we have conquered.

Receive my thanks for thy refined arts of policy, which have conducted me to the verge of earthly happiness. Seraphina is now our own. The holy rites have been privately performed in the sacred

H 4 mosque

mosque of Sancta Sophia.* Thus
my love will soon be satisfied. We
must

* “ A famous structure in Constantinople, first built by the Emperor Justinian with inimitable magnificence. It was afterwards converted into a mosque by the Turks, and despoiled of its richest ornamental statues. Its walls, within and without, present the eye with nothing but white marble and porphyry. The roof is of a prodigious height, covered with lead without, but proudly ostentatious of its inward ceiling, which is divided into vaults and arches, richly adorned with golden fret-work, and supported by pillars of the purest white marble and Cyprian jasper. Under the mosque there are innumerable vaults, full of altars and sepulchres; but, the door being fastened up, there is no access to them. One of these repositories is said to contain ten huge vessels full of oil, reserved there ever since the days of Constantine the Great, which remains uncorrupted, being of colour white as milk. It is an inexpiable crime for any but the grand seignior’s physicians or surgeons to use or touch it, and they compound certain medicines from it for the service of him and his scraglio.”

must now prepare to feed our revenge. Thou knowest I have been disgraced. My dishonourable wounds bleed afresh; and, until they are healed, I cannot reap the full harvest of my wishes. This Orlando must *die*! Nothing but death can expiate his offence, and give ease to my enraged and tortured bosom.

We here send thee our royal *firman** to be delivered to Achmed, commander of the Seven Towers. Make haste to bring me assurance that it is executed.

Perhaps

* A *firman* is a mandate, or death-warrant, issued by the grand seignior when it is his will to have any person privately beheaded or strangled.

Perhaps thou wilt marvel at these commands, knowing that I promised the fair Polonese to grant the life of her husband on the resignation of her beauties. I tell thee, Hamet, we will grant him life, immortal life : we will send him instantly to paradise ! What ! dost thou imagine we will have a rival in our love ? Dost thou think we will suffer Seraphina to come near us with sighs, and tears, and an alienated heart ? Or thinkest thou we will take a body without a soul, and enjoy careffes which, however sweet and alluring, will, perhaps, in idea, be lavished upon another ?

Seraphina

Seraphina is now lawfully mine ;
 and I shall soon feast on that most
 delicious banquet, her beauty.
 My mind already revels in volup-
 tuousness. But, as fruits and sweet-
 meats are grateful to the palate after
 our appetite has been cloyed with
 pleasant food, so, after regaling on
 the charms of Seraphina, the death
 of my arrogant rival will be as a
 desert to the repast.

After all, love is but the second
 passion of my soul. When that is
 gratified, I shall retaliate the inso-
 lence of this haughty fair one. O
 Mahomet ! in the moment of lan-
 guor, when she has yielded up her
 charms, and has nothing more

to

to grant, or I to enjoy, how sweet,
how perfect, how glorious, will be
my revenge ! to repay all the pangs
and tortures her neglect has given
me, by declaring, at that very pe-
riod, the fate of Orlando !

In vain will she call me perfid-
ious, and unmindful of my pro-
mise. In vain will her cries rend
the air, or her white arms be lifted
up to heaven for mercy. What a
spectacle of luxury ! to see the tears
start from her starry eyes, trickle
down her cheeks, and course each
other over her throbbing bosom !

Hamet, be speedy in the execu-
tion of our commands, that our
triumph may be fully accomplished.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

ACHMED, AGA OF THE JANIZARIES,
TO AURORA, THE GREEK VIR-
GIN.

BEAUTIFUL Aurora, thou
wilt no longer be persecuted.
Prepare to emerge from thy mis-
fortunes. The vigorous measures
I have pursued will be crowned
with success. Nothing can prevent
the ruin of Osman. His race is
nearly run. — The right arm of
justice is lifted. By all the host of
heaven, he shall not live to see the
splendor of another glorious sun!

LETTER

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

HAMET, GRAND VIZIER, TO OSMAN,
COMMANDER OF THE FAITH-
FUL.

THE humblest of thy innume-
rable slaves approacheth thee,
most puissant sultan, with fear and
trembling. Dread Lord, a storm
is gathering, which will soon break,
and overwhelm the empire of the
faithful ! The Janizaries, highly
enraged at the government, have
been joined by the populace, and
are parading through the sublime
city,

city, armed with instruments of death, and dealing destruction wherever they appear. The splendid gate* of thy servant hath already been plundered and reduced to ruins. The conspirators are proceeding to the serail : they threaten to violate the imperial throne. Mighty sovereign, wilt thou give ear to the advice of thy slave at this time of peril ? It behoveth thee to elude the violence of these daring revolters. The happiness of millions depends on thy safety ; thou wilt therefore immediately leave the seraglio. Its walls are beset by en-
vy

* The palaces of the Ottoman ministers are called gates.

vy and malevolence, which are skulking in the darkeſt diſguiſes. Mighty ſultan, I would admoniſh thee to fly to Aſia till the inſurrection be quelled. The haughty Achmed, is the leader of this deſperate band. He is ſpreading horror and deſtroyation under the ſpecious pretence of adminiſtering juſtice.

Commander of the faithful, let not thy departure be delayed. Thou wilt ſecretly embark from the celeftial gardens,* and croſs over to the Aſian ſhore, whither thy faithful ſervant will follow thee with the utmoſt ſpeed.

LETTER

* The gardens of the ſeraglio are ſeparated from the ſhore of Aſia only by a ſmall canal.

LETTER LXXI.

OSMAN, THE MAGNIFICENT SULTAN,
TO HAMET, GRAND VIZIER.

THY counsel is not accepted.
The traitors dare not touch
our royal person. I have not yet
been blest with the smiles of this
implacable fair one, nor will I de-
part before my happiness is consum-
mated. This day is devoted to
love and Seraphina : to-morrow
shall be dedicated to slaughter and
revenge. Ere the morning's ear-
liest sun-beams tremble on the

waves of Marmora, we will hasten to Asia. The forces collected there are sufficient to crush our enemies. I will not fly like a criminal, but retreat like a foldier. My temporary banishment will prove but a pleasing excursion, an amorous revel. We will retire, in all our splendor, with our pavillions, servants, and jewels. The charming Seraphina shall attend me in spite of her swelling tears. She shall be the cause and the partner of all my pleasures. What luxury will it be to wander with her over the pleasant fields of Asia, where the mountains are clothed with woods, the clearest waters dash through the valleys,

the

the fairest fruit-trees are promiscuously scattered over the plains !

Be not dismayed at the dangers I am destined to encounter. Am I not protected by the ample shield of royalty ? I am like that tall flourishing poplar in the wilderness of Zadmir, which is proof against storms, whirlwinds, and lightnings ; whose roots are twisted round the centre of the earth, and whose green tops ascend above the clouds, and almost touch the lowest of the seven hills of Paradise.

LETTER LXXII.

AURORA, THE GREEK, TO SERAPHI-
NA.

YOU *have yielded in vain!* I
would soften the dreadful tale
I have to tell, but this is not a
time to flatter. All comfort now
is fruitless: your gentle generous
heart must break at last.— Orlando
has left this miserable world! He
has fallen a sacrifice to revenge!
The last word that issued from his
pale quivering lips was “*Seraphi-
na!*”

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

SERAPHINA TO AURORA.

THEN my cup of bitterness at length is full! Ah, helpless, hopeless, Seraphina!—But I cannot, dare not, think. My heart grows sick! Ah, poor Orlando! you are gone at last! but I will not yet submit. Never shall your murderer prevail. Thank heaven, I cannot survive this stroke. Already I feel the pangs of death: a few steps more will bring me to my grave. I will struggle towards it, supported by the arm of virtue; then suddenly

ly sink, triumphing over my oppressor, and exulting in my innocence!

LETTER LXXIV.

CARLOS TO JULIA.

I Am now preparing for my return; but I shall bring with me a heavy heart. The fate of my departed friend haunts my imagination. Had I been permitted to see him in his last minutes, my compunction had now been less. The private manner in which he was assassinated gives room for the most shocking suspicions. But his
mortal

mortal toils and solitudes are now over. Oh! that the tender partner of his bosom may not be doomed to sustain trials far more dreadful! What aggravated miseries hath this lovely mourner to expect! Her soul will be a continual prey to lingering sorrow, and her beauty be withered and consumed by the blasting embraces of a merciless assassin!

LETTER LXXV.

FROM THE SAME.

A Ray of hope breaks in upon us. The Janizaries have beset the seraglio; they have determined to depose the sultan, who has given

up the prime vizier to their resentment. Achmed has declared his intention to release Aurora, the young Greek, who has been unjustly detained in the serail. She has great influence over this minister, and undoubtedly will not forget to plead for Seraphina, her dearest friend.

This city presents a shocking scene of riot and carnage.

In Continuation.

The Janizaries have prevailed. After forcing the seraglio, they found Osman hidden in one of the gardens. He was seized, and conducted to the castle of Seven Towers,

ers, and is now in the very prison where Orlando suffered. The people cried out for a mussulman emperor, and Achmed has replaced Mustapha, the uncle of Osman, on the throne.

In Continuation.

A thought has struck me. Achmed was the friend of Orlando. I will not trust to chance: I will instantly see him, and make a generous effort. — This is the moment to grant his assistance to the hapless Seraphina. Should he withhold it *now*, she is lost for ever!

In

In Continuation.

My design is impracticable. I cannot approach him. I have attempted to force my way through legions of the Janizaries ; but it were as easy to scale the skies as to come near their leader. The hour of fortune is passing over our heads : the next that succeeds brings eternal despair !

In Continuation.

I have made another trial, and have again been unsuccessful.—— Seraphina, thou art now lost beyond recovery ! Who would not pity thy misfortunes ?

In

In Continuation.

I have seen him ! He has done honour to the human heart.—Farewel.—You have every thing to hope.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM THE SAME.

O JULIA ! you will again see your friend. Seraphina has regained her liberty. She is now at the house of Achmed with Aurora, her companion.

As soon as the news reached me, I flew to congratulate her on the happy occasion. The scene was most painfully delightful. I saw
this

this charming woman just as she had emerged from the heaviest sorrows that ever bruised the tender frame of beauty. Her spirits had been entirely wasted: she was reduced to the extremest languor. She was sitting on a sofa, supported by the arm of Aurora, who hung over her like a pitying angel. Before her stood Achmed, her deliverer; to whom she expressed her warmest acknowledgements, and called down the blessings of heaven upon him. Her sighs came from her inmost soul, and the sweet tears of gratitude shone in her eyes. Mean while the young warrior contemplated her with a look of complacency

placency and tenderness; and, whilst he enjoyed the feelings of conscious rectitude, the drop of sympathy started from his eye. It was the tribute of a heart equally generous and brave. Julia, I felt a satisfaction which it is impossible to describe. It was the sweetest moment of my life.

As soon as my name was announced, Seraphina arose; with great difficulty came towards me, and fell on my neck.

“Sir,” said she, “*you were the friend of my poor Orlando!!!*”

Her voice faltered: — she immediately fainted.

* * * * *

It

It was with the greatest difficulty I could afterwards avoid answering her repeated questions respecting my late unhappy friend. Her immoderate grief, for the loss of him, will, I fear, at last, bring her to the grave. " I shall
 " see my native country again," she exclaimed, after a long interval of silence, " but only to behold scenes of delight and happiness which I cannot enjoy.
 " Oh ! never, never, will I cease
 " to sigh and weep for Orlando !

The description you once gave me of Seraphina's beauty I am now convinced was not extravagant. There is an exquisite symmetry in her features that strikes at once
 with

with admiration and respect. Her fine arched eye-brows give dignity to her countenance. All her features have been softened, by the touch of sorrow, into a languid inexpressible sweetness, that at once captivates our senses, and rushes to the *heart*. It is not at all wonderful that Osman should have looked upon her with desiring eyes: but that she should escape him, with such tempting beauties, unsullied and inviolate, is almost a miracle.

Your lovely sister has agreed to return under my escort, and we shall soon set off for Lemburg. My promise will, at last, be performed. I shall bring you back your friend.

A

A friend who knows no medium in her love ; who burns with desire to see you, to pour her tender complaints into your bosom.

Julia, you must be careful of the treasure, for I fear you will not long enjoy it. The fond remembrance of Orlando has chilled her heart. Like a sweet flower, nipped in the stalk, she begins to sicken, and will soon droop and decay.

LETTER LXXVII.

FROM THE SAME.

OUR journey is put off. The nuptials of Achmed and Aurora are to take place in a few days.

days. With a friendly warmth they have insisted on our staying till the ceremony is over. In her weak and declining state of health, Seraphina is ill-qualified to assist at such a ceremony; but she could refuse nothing to her beautiful companion. A languid smile was spread over her countenance when she consented. "Yes," said she, "my charming friend, I will stay and witness your felicity, and enjoy a short respite from my sorrow. For one day, if possible, the idea of Orlando shall be banished from my mind. You will be happy, Aurora: you will be

Vol. II. K "happy

“ happy with an affectionate husband. Alas !” continued this amiable woman, (stifling a sigh, and smiling through her tears,) “ I once had a husband !—— For your sake I will strive to forget him ; but how vain will be the attempt !”

In Continuation.

The merciless Osman is no more !
This mighty prince, who called himself an invincible champion in the cause of heaven, commander of all things that were to be commanded,

manded, has been slain in prison by a common slave. I saw him conveyed through the streets to the towers. His person was remarkably handsome, and he had not yet reached his twenty-sixth year. On his passage he was treated with every mark of disgrace. A common soldier took off his turban, and placed it on the head of his sovereign. Had not his cruelties erased every disposition to pity, I could have been afflicted at his misfortunes.

In Continuation.

I have just left Seraphina. I begin to tremble on her account. Her health becomes every hour more precarious.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

JULIA, I am all extacy ! We have made a discovery, that, in the moment of my joys, I am not able to explain. You have seen a calm succeed a tempest, when suddenly the clouds have dispersed, and the face of heaven hath become serene. Such is our present state.

K 3

The

The dark mists of sorrow are vanished, the horizon is clear, and we shall enjoy a happy train of succeeding days.

The marriage of Aurora was yesterday celebrated with all the splendor of Eastern luxury. On account of Seraphina and myself, several of the Turkish customs were dispensed with, and we were permitted to attend at the ceremony. The strictest of their forms were, however, adhered to. The beautiful face of Aurora was hidden beneath a veil of white muslin, when she yielded her hand for ever. She afterwards retired into a separate room, attended by

by the other females, who strewed flowers and sweet herbs in the way. Achmed soon made his appearance among them, and, in their presence, according to the established custom, lifted up the veil of his charming bride.* The whole company afterwards repaired to a beautiful *chiosk* in the gardens, where a collation was prepared. The rest of the day was given to mirth and festivity. In compliment to Seraphina, the bride made a proposal that all the ladies should unveil.

K 4

This

* It is seldom that a Turkish lover sees the face of his mistress until this ceremony takes place after marriage.

This was complied with, and there instantly appeared a profusion of beautiful faces. But the softer charms of your lovely sister still remained conspicuous. She was like that calm object, in a finished picture, which the eye ultimately fixes upon after being dazzled with a promiscuous group of more splendid beauties.

As the day advanced, the company became still more festive and happy. Seraphina alone appeared joyless, thoughtful, and absent. Achmed, I observed, had been particularly attentive to her. From frequent signs and mysterious looks, which

which passed between him and the bride, I imagined some frolic was in agitation to divert her melancholy ; but I could, by no means, guess at their design. At length the bridegroom left us ; but presently afterwards appeared, dressed in a fanciful manner, with a wreath of pine-leaves on his head, and a white wand in his hand, which he brandished with great solemnity. He addressed himself to the ladies, and informed them, that, by means of that wand, he could discover their private thoughts, and was enabled to grant all their wishes. This idea produced a great deal of merriment ; and

Achmed

Achmed soon began his exorcisms. He first turned to a Turkish young lady, and, desiring her to touch his wand, pronounced a few unintelligible words. He then addressed the company: "I have granted the wish of this lady," said he. "She has desired to go through the same ceremony which the bride so heroically sustained this morning: but as this could not be done without a partner, I have provided for her a young Mussulman, who within three moons will attend her to the altar." The face of the charming girl was covered with blushes, and a general peal of laughter

tier was given at her expence. Ach-
 med proceeded regularly to grant
 the wishes of the other ladies. By
 his lively remarks and ludicrous
 gestures he furnished much matter
 for gaiety. At length he came to
 Seraphina.—“ Were I not certain,”
 he exclaimed, “ that, by virtue of
 “ my art I am empowered to diffuse
 “ universal happiness, I should de-
 “ spair of being able to erase the
 “ lines of sorrow from this lovely
 “ countenance.” He then turned
 to the bride. “ My Aurora, I al-
 “ ready know the thoughts of your
 “ sweet dejected friend. I have on-
 “ ly granted the *wishes* of the other
 “ ladies,

"ladies, but to Seraphina I will
 "grant more than she can either
 "wish, or hope, or conceive!" He
 then retired for a few minutes.
 In the mean while I placed myself by
 Seraphina, and we were diverting
 ourselves with conjectures respect-
 ing his next manœuvre. But, gra-
 cious God! how shall I describe
 our amazement when we saw him re-
 turn, and actually lead in *Orlando*!!

* * * * *

Yes,

Yes, Julia, I saw *Orlando* stand before me; but, had the whole world been my recompence, I could not have approached him. My astonishment deprived me of every faculty. I felt a sudden *oppressive* sensation at my heart, and seemed riveted to the spot where I stood.

As to *Seraphina*, when she first saw him, she gave a shriek, which still resounds in my ears, and instantly fell senseless into the arms of *Aurora*. *Orlando* ran to her assistance, knelt, and caught her to his heart. She soon recovered; but, lifting her head, and beholding him again, she fell a second time into a state of insensibility.

sensibility. The whole company looked with eagerness at each other, but no one attempted to speak. It was a scene of the most expressive silence.

At length Achmed addressed himself to Seraphina, who had by this time revived, and was surveying Orlando with the most eager attention, betraying at the same time every sign of terror and mistrust.

“ Charming Seraphina, let not
 “ your surprise at this unexpected
 “ incident deprive you of the hap-
 “ piness it was designed to give. A
 “ few words will explain the appa-
 “ rent mystery. Not only you, but
 “ every

“ every one besides, except Auro-
 “ ra and myself, supposed Orlando
 “ was no more. You now see him
 “ restored to you at a period when
 “ you least expected such a happy
 “ event. For his preservation you
 “ are indebted to your lovely friend,
 “ who prevailed with me to screen
 “ him from the resentment of Of-
 “ man. I could the more easily do
 “ this, having the command of the
 “ Seven Towers, where Orlando
 “ was confined. When the *firman*,
 “ therefore, arrived, I deceived the
 “ guard under pretence of having
 “ it executed under my own inspec-
 “ tion, and soon after sent intelli-
 “ gence

" gence to the vizier that Orlando
 " had been strangled. In the mean
 " time I contrived to have him con-
 " veyed secretly to this house, know-
 " ing a revolution would soon take
 " place in the empire, when I could
 " openly grant him my protection.
 " Pardon me, dear Seraphina, that
 " I kept back from you a moment
 " after the tyrant's death this joyful
 " information. But I felt an irre-
 " sistible impulse (call it supersti-
 " tion, or by any other name) to
 " blend, as much as possible, your
 " happiness and Orlando's with that
 " of my beloved Aurora and my
 " own,

“own, by giving the same happy
“date to both.”

“It is enough!” cried Seraphina,
overwhelmed with tears of joy, “all
“my griefs are forgotten, all my sor-
“rows are vanished! O Orlando!
“this moment, this happy moment,
“repays all my sufferings!

She rushed into his arms!!!

* * * * *

Here, Julia, was a scene of hap-
piness surpassing description! —

L

Every

Every heart danced with pleasure, every eye sparkled with ecstasy!

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

WE left Constantinople this morning, and are now on our road to Lemberg, where we shall soon see you. The parting of Aurora and Seraphina was highly affecting. Both Achmed and his lovely

lovely bride tried every possible means to prevail on Orlando to stay a few days longer : but he is so desirous of seeing Seraphina once more safe in her native country, that he was deaf to every solicitation. Indeed the recent and unexpected good fortune he has experienced had taken such a powerful effect on his passions, that the journey was absolutely necessary to calm his emotion, and keep him from becoming literally "*frantic with joy.*"

Happiness hath already painted wonders on the beautiful face of Seraphina. The rosy tint has again visited her cheeks. In short, her

L 2

charms,

charms, which before were soft and delightful, are now brilliant and ravishing.

O Julia, in a few days we shall *all* be happy !

" The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence "

" Else who would bear it ? "

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

SERAPHINA TO AURORA.

I Have not forgotten your request, my ever-valuable friend : nor should I so long have neglected to write to you, had I not waited till I could inform you of an event which has been long wished for and expected, and has at length taken place. The indissoluble knot has been tied between Carlos, the friend, and

and Julia, the lovely sister, of Orlando. Thus the happiness of our family is at last complete. I have not now a wish of my heart unsatisfied.

That we might be as little asunder as possible, Carlos has built an elegant villa, on the skirts of a wood, in the vicinity of our estate. Our rural parties are delightful. In a word, our days are full of pleasures, and, to use the words of an English poet,

“ Every day is still but as the first.”

I have drunk deeply of the bitter cup of affliction, but I can the better taste my present share of happiness.

ness. My story will furnish our sex, in particular, with an useful moral. It will shew them, that though *virtue* may sometimes suffer, yet it is never without its supports and consolations, and cannot be finally subdued; for, though heaven may depress us for a time, it is only to exalt us the more, and shew us the value of intrinsic happiness!

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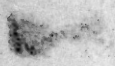
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